

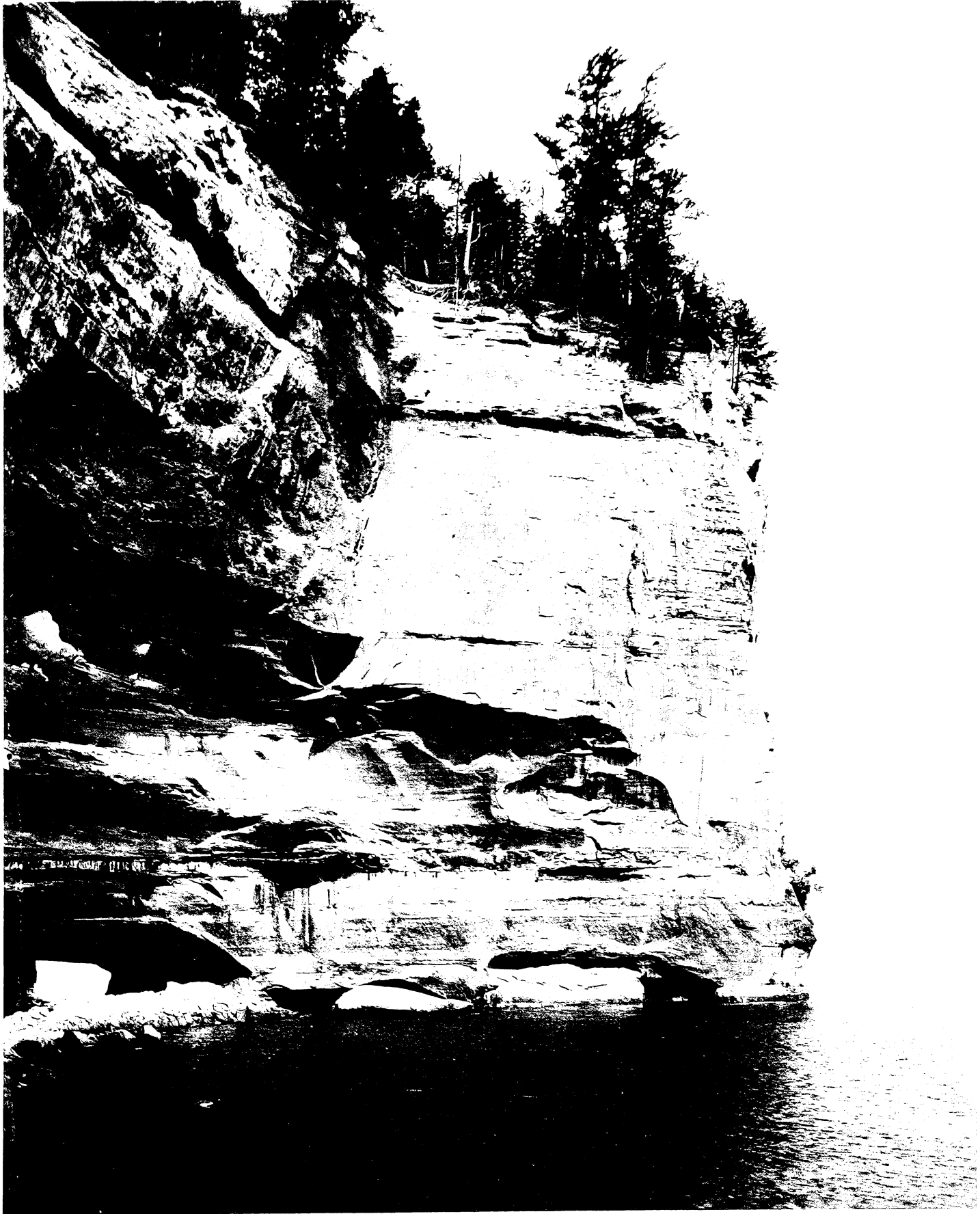
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THE

LAKE SUPERIOR

REGION

From the Library of  
William Neely of Negaunee  
Presented by his daughter  
Mrs. Oscar Hanson of Bessemer



PICTURED ROCKS.

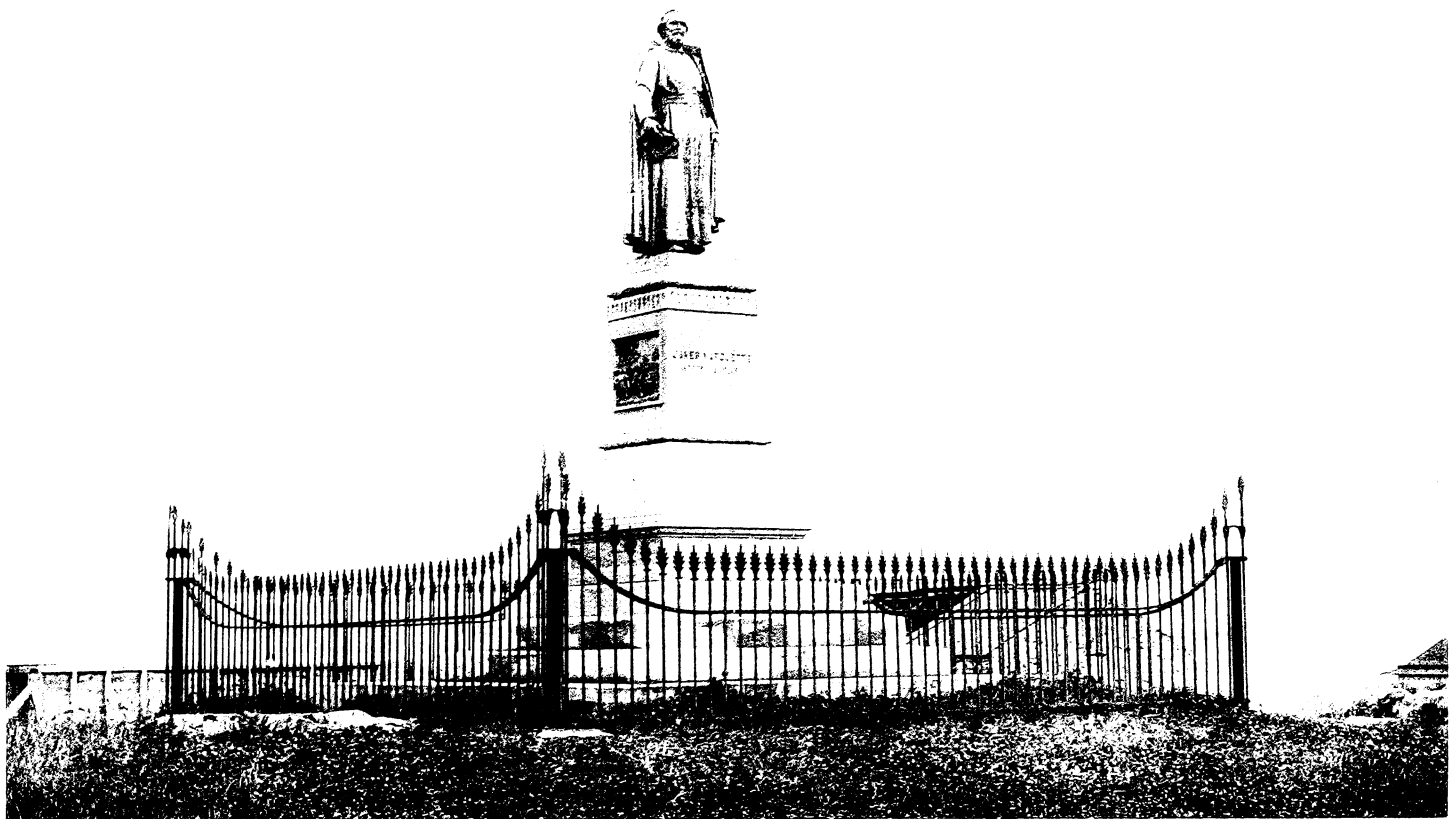




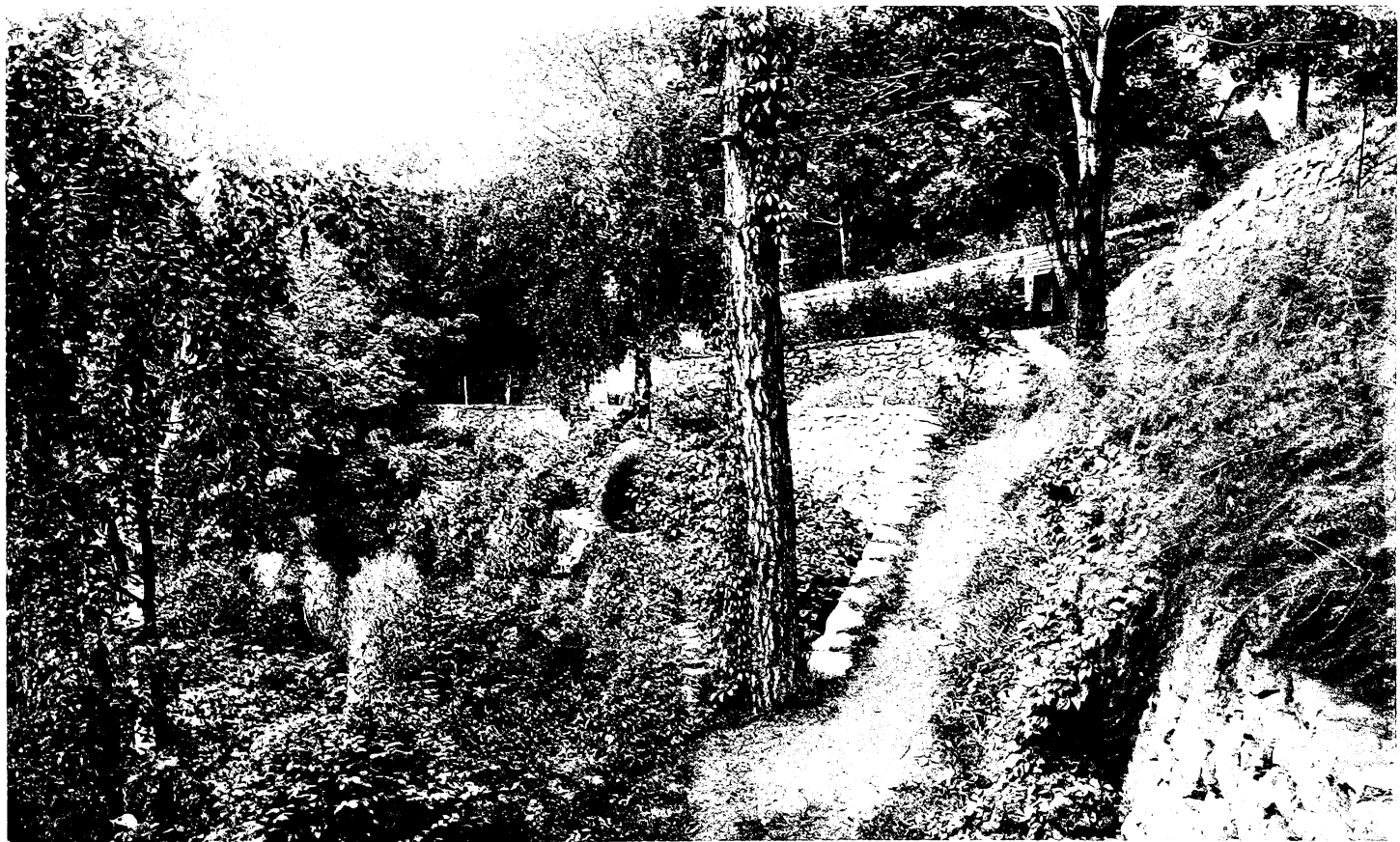
MAIN STREET--ISUPEMING.







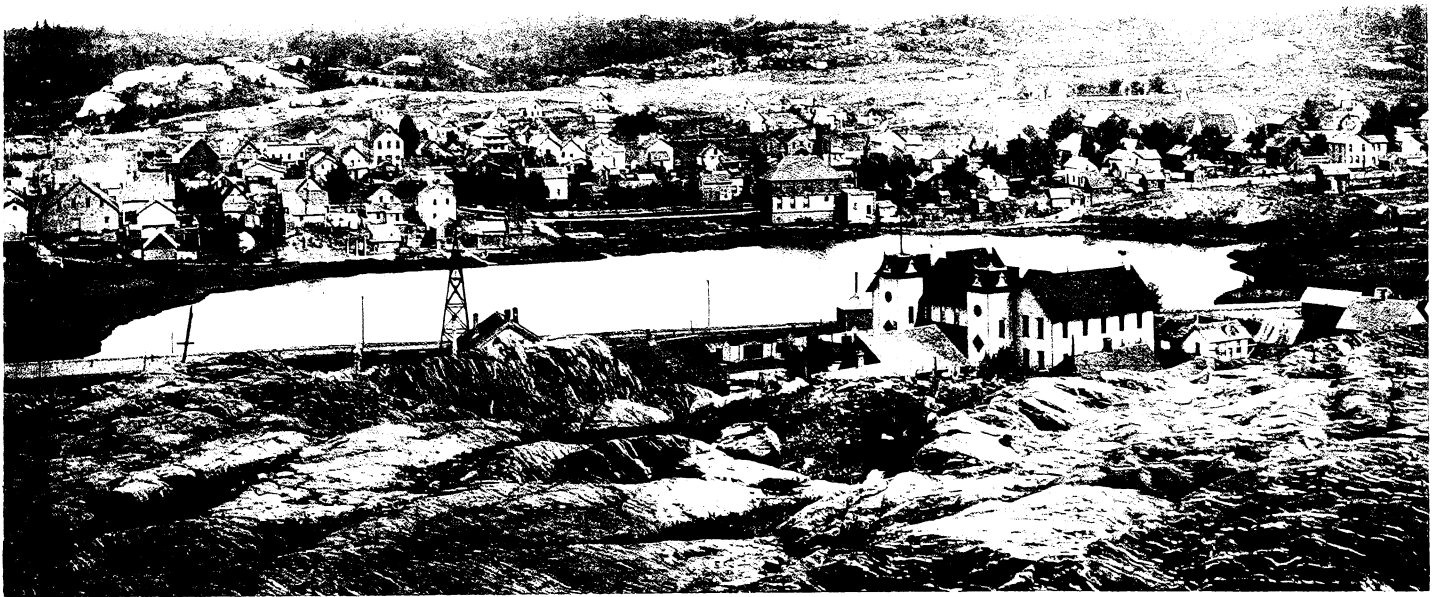
STATUE OF FATHER MARQUETTE.



A MARQUETTE TERRACE.

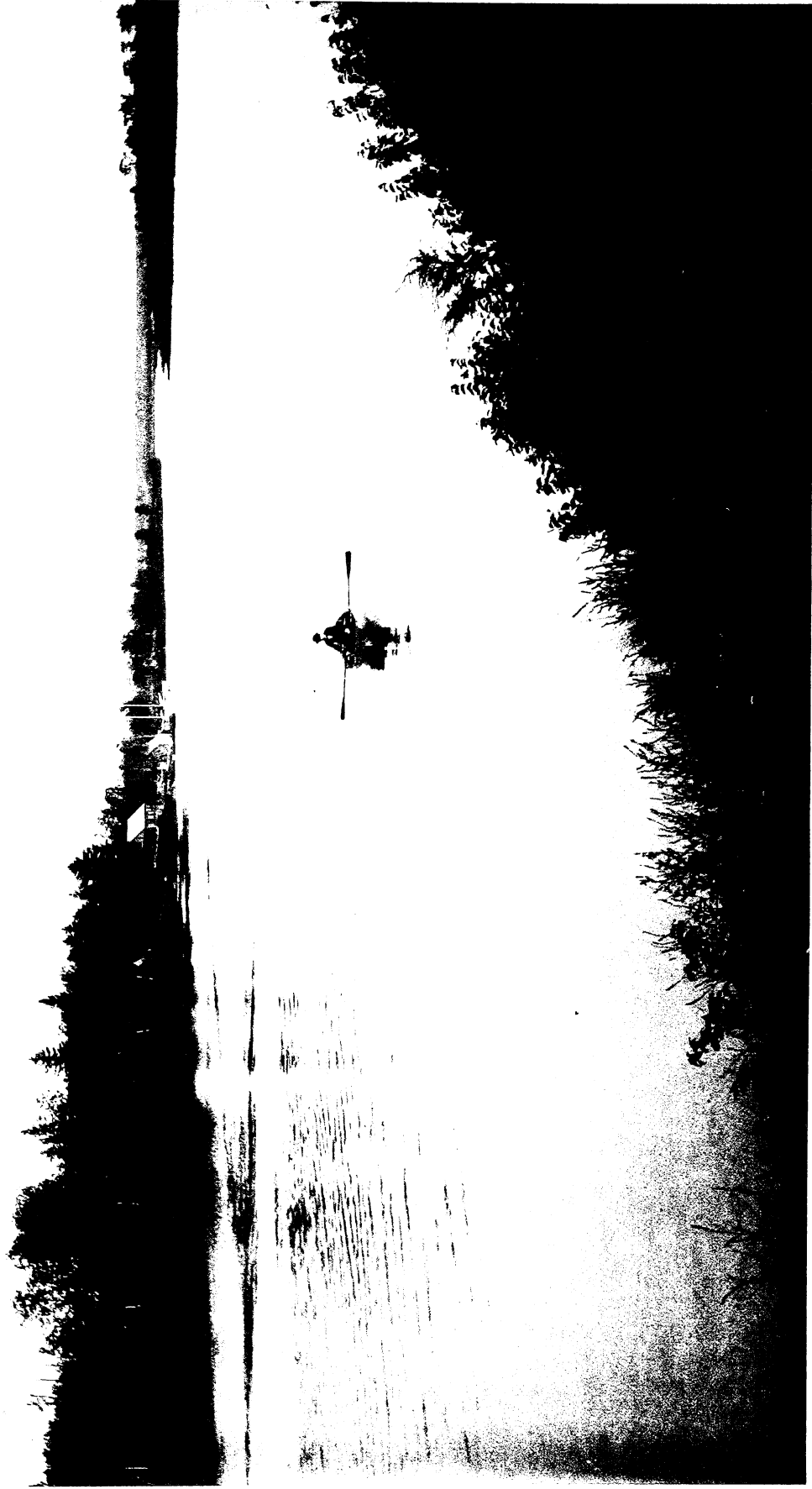






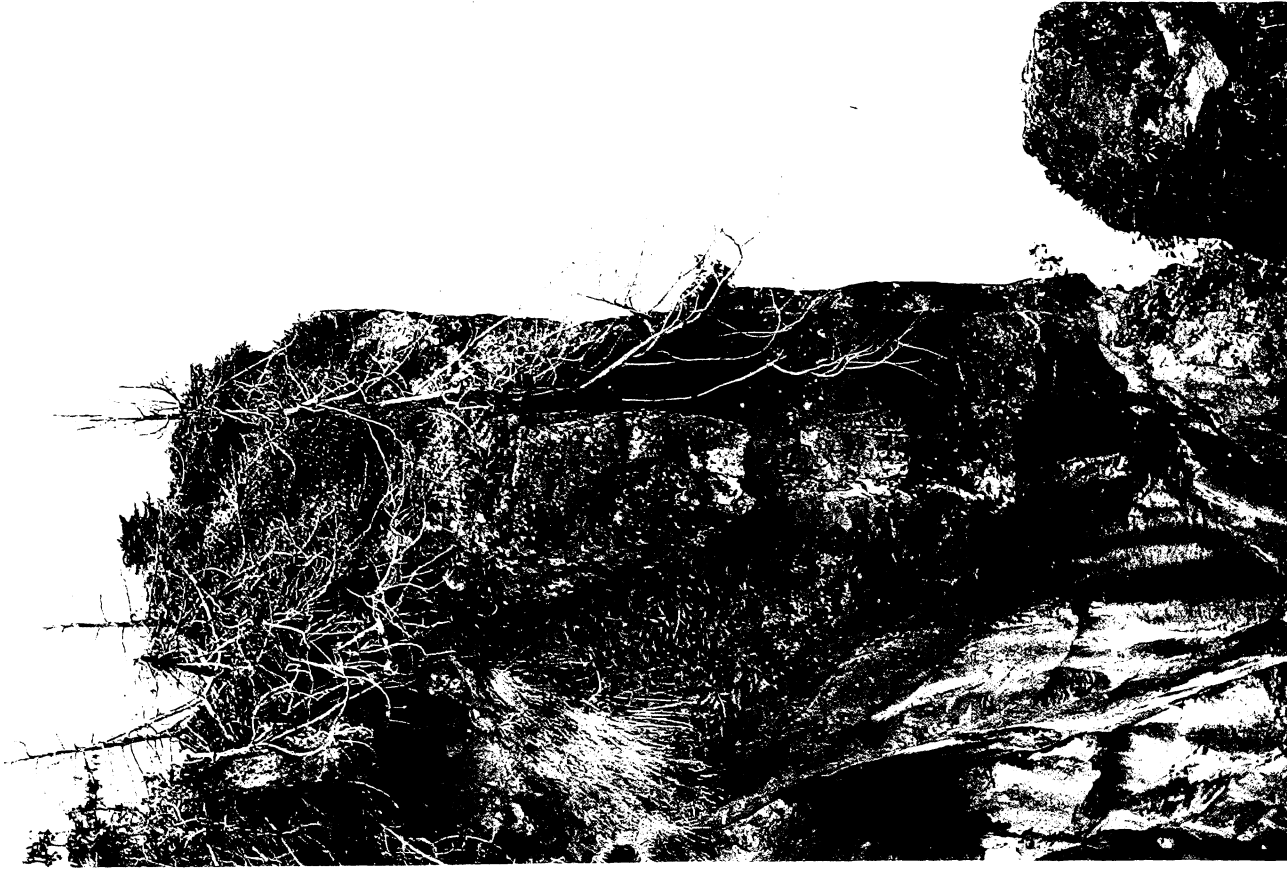
VIEWS OF REPUBLIC FROM THE BLUFFS.





SCENE ON ST. MARY'S RIVER—SAULT STE. MARIE.





SCENES AT PRESQUE ISLE.





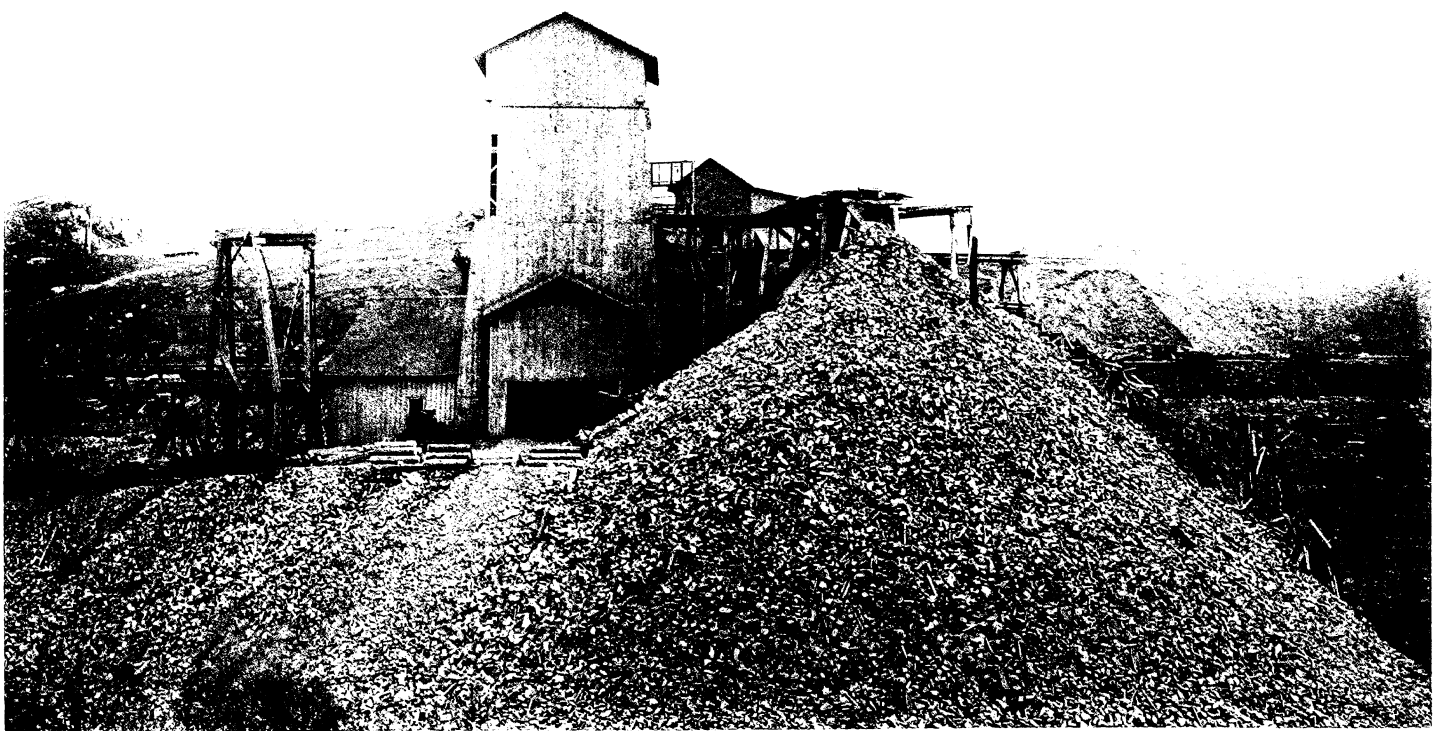
MINERS CASTLE PICTURED ROCKS.







OLD HISTORICAL STUMP, WHERE IRON WAS FIRST DISCOVERED--- NEGAUNEE.



A SHAFT MINE---ISHPEMING.



ground rapidly. At Grosse's Point are two more mills in process of building. The filling up of Portage Lake has forced the removal of all mills from the vicinity of the Government Waterway.

At Dollar Bay we inspect the Wire Works where miles of copper wire is spun out every day. And here are more smelting works, a rolling mill and a large coal dock. Everything is large, only not as large as at Calumet. From here we get back to Hancock, ten miles from Lake Linden and the distance is almost continuously built up with great plants of great companies. It was said lately "everything in this country makes everything out of it seem so small."

But no tour of the Lake is complete without a drive through Keeweenaw County. It offers nothing to call us but its beauty. Only the Central and Arnold are working, and they do not pay. Keeweenaw has become a mere pic-nic and camping ground.

The road is fine everywhere, winding like an artery all through the county, as far as Copper Harbor. At the Manhattan we touch the rugged beginning of the cliffs, which half a mile beyond, rise perpendicularly above the road. They are often compared to the Highlands of the Hudson and the Trosachs of Scotland. A few miles brings us to the Cliff, the first mine in the country to pay dividends. Here we climb to the Peak, near the end of the precipitous portion of the range. Behind us the broken land slopes to the shore of Lake Superior several miles away, and near the horizon, where the blue of the water mingles with the blue of the sky, lies the long, hazy, uneven outline of Isle Royale. It is a magnificent view, at which we gaze long and silently, ere we turn to the valley. Here, for miles, the eye follows the sweep of the hills curving to the east, and the narrow valley, touched on the opposite side by the long slope of the South Range, which rises as high as we are ourselves. To the left, the white houses of the Central are in full view, and farther still to the right, are the smoke stacks of Calumet, and farthest of all the Sun flashes back its reflection from the waters before the Mission on Keeweenaw Bay.

But the eyes are irresistably drawn to the valley at ones feet. Desolation, *desolation*, DESOLATION! As far as the eye can see clearly to the left, and below, lie the abandoned buildings of the Cliff, Phœnix, St. Clair, and Bay State, falling to pieces, and deserted. No friendly trees are yet springing up to shroud their sadness, and lend grace to ruin. Through this part of the way one always hurries, and tries to keep the eyes fixed on the rocks, and hills, and see as little as possible of what speaks so eloquently of ruined hopes, and wasted time and money.

Eagle River, the shabby old County Seat, has little else to keep it alive. The stream, with the fall into the gorge just above the bridge, and the gorge itself in the very center of the town, is a poem. The lake lies unfretted by harbor, or point, and the waves tumble in on the miles of sand beach in a fascinating way. This is the favorite pic-nic ground. The rest is stagnation. On the opposite side of the creek, we follow the crest of the Range toward Eagle Harbor. The top of the hill, glorious air, fine roads, beautiful woods, an occasional log cabin just discerned through green shrubbery, and glimpses of blue water in places,—these are barren words, but they express indescribable enjoyment. Six miles, and we are in Copper Falls. More extensive desolation and desertion, but one forgets it, for there below lies the lake, magnificent from this height, and it holds all eyes until the next plunge into the woods hides it again.

Eagle Harbor is even more shabby than Eagle River, but it is beautiful in its very poverty, and only less of a favorite than Eagle River, because farther away.

Winding over the hill, always through these wonderful woods, we come once more into the valley south of the range. Far to the right we see the Peak, and to the left we hail with



delight the flat top of Mt. Houghton, the highest land on the Point, and all about us once more are the hundreds of deserted homes of a large location, the Amygdaloid, and Conglomerate. Into the woods, and over the South Range, we find the banks of Lac La Belle, which opens into Keeweenaw Bay. We climb the side of Mendota Hill, within whose heart lies the only copper ore in the country, until through an opening in the trees we see Keeweenaw Bay reaching away to L'Anse, in the blue distance, the bold rise of the Huron Mountains on the opposite side and the Huron Islands before us. One needs to see an expanse of water from a height to appreciate it. Do not imagine it can be seen from the shore line, or you may miss one of the most impressive sights in the world.

Back over this South Range until we are once more in the valley. From here the road is just wide enough to let the carriage pass, and often the branches meet above our heads. We pass Misquito Lake in silence. The twelve delightful miles are finished, and we are at Copper Harbor. This is one of the finest harbors on the lake, three miles long by a half a mile wide. A long point reaches out from its head, where a shallow gap separates it from Porters Island, while Hayes Point stretches across the foot, leaving a broad passage into the bay. Beyond the harbor lies Lake of the Lillies, beside it Lake Fanny Hooe, and beyond that Mud Lake,—appropriately named,—while beyond all the Conglomerate Range reaches away to the extreme Point. The stony ground is hid by a wealth of white daisies, and yellow buttercups; little groves are springing up; the bald front of Brockways Mountain is at the right; Fort Wilkins nestles on the bank of Fanny Hooe; Manganese Lake, and Falls are above on the hill, and altogether it is the most beautiful spot in the whole peninsula. Words are powerless to tell the charms of this most beautiful part of the county. Beautiful in miniature, beautiful in expansive views and in both unsurpassed. The whole vicinity is so stocked with charms, that days are needed to exhaust them, and description is tame. So we leave it, its loveliness, and loneliness, alike unsurpassed.





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